The Rutland

County Herald.

VOL. LX.--NO. 19,

RUTLAND, VERMONT, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1854

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STATIONERY. bey have also this day opened a large invoice of

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thing in the Court Bours, But CHARLES L WILLIAMS,

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and Commelter at Law. Office in the

C. CARPENTER. co. a. . Mark Printers, Better, Corner to Boy Revised, Ft. 45 GEORGE GRAVES,

C. BURT & SCN., and Releast Sharine of Sey and Releast Sharines on all Annies of Sey Research and Publishers, and sile of the Present Shariness and Echiery, and sile of the Present Shariness of the day, New York, State and State Sey, Sey and Sey

MR. TYPO'S ACCOUNT OF A DREAM

PHAT CAME TO PASS.

"Science" rested in my hand, Fox and sax fine willing servance,

Waterl ready at command. Sometic partle gul of chamber

Reading parameter as yellile down,
Reading care of all lay wringline,
And of Paus har darknet from a
firewing flowers on my pattieway,
Marwing flowers on my pattieway,
Marwing il things, Which for I selection
May as well be termed " divine."

Soon there rose a form suspent v.

Soon there rame a form marked v.
Large of runk of quiet merin.

Eyes whom kindly depiths were blueish
With a Roman more between.

Next, authorized in secreption
Secretarily hard be gross,
For his right hand beld a "mailet"

And his left a mittain " proce."

Trablems, these," and I, " of printing,"
Then he showly bowed his hand,
And in civer word and accent
Thus he neemed to any, or and;
"Fallower of the Word, and Pracking,
Here the words I speak to night,
Tranking them thy step will quicken,
And the Lambout eye grow bright.

"Printer, I am thy good spirit.
Could of all who hear the name,
Man and brother—(words that iterif us.)
Not my watchful care can claim

Lake the brave who grasps the "mallet,"
Which with sail! the "etick" and "rule,"
Or who derinks not from the "lever,"
When the "foreman" hole him "pull."

Though this latter duty, lately, ma fast fading out of time Spenk a strong but sweet excuse Pennales! oh, ye powers extatic!
(Here his vision cought the skies)
if we must endure your faigure,
Durt us love knots from your eyes.

" Give the " Jour." who, years of labor Spent to acquire his favirite art-l'ay, I say, his loss per " thousand From the transmes of the heart,

But I wander, (pray excuse me.)"
And he eye the thought expressed;
Hear thou now the gidden secret,
Time must answer for the reet

Printer, rest, thy tails are muled,
Then hast goods bild up in store;
Want and then beinesboth six stranger
Then and Joy shall part to more."
How is this !" I tried in rapture.
Bit he started in affright,
And see I could quit him farther
zhowly vanished from my sight.

But, just then a gentle finger Led non from the dreamy land, And our " Devil," smiling grinly, Laid a letter in my hand I bequeath ton thousand dellars (Thus with sager eyes I rend.)

To my topliew, Titus Typo, To be part when I am dead." Then a clause, without " quotations, Told, in words of legal into, That a distant ourie, dying, Had bequesthed me all his store; That the giver was deceased,

"Money waits at your command," Three, at heart, I thanked the giver And my future prospects scanned.

No a health to all good printers.

Drank I then from Fancy's glass,
And to knightes of "pen and sciences."

Drank I fork to them or suspers.

Next came dreams of joys uncounted,
Rent sports and calm delights;
femiling wife and children glassome,
Happy days and peaceful nights.

THE LONGEST NIGHT IN A LIFE

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

It was one of those old-fashioned En-Countess of London. The mails had been irregular for a month past, and the letter-bags which did reach the post-office had been brought thither with difficulty. The newspapers were devoid of all foreign intelligence, the metropolis erton's exertions in rescuing her. knew nothing of the doings of the proviness, and the provinces knew little more of the affairs of the metropolis; but the columns of both were crowded with accidents from the inclemency of the weather, with heart-rending accounts of starvation and destitution, with wonderful escapes of adventurous travelers, and of still more adventurous mail coachmen and guards. Business was almost at a standstill, or was only earried on by fits and starts; families were made opensy by the frequent long silence of absent members; and the poor were suffering great misery from cold and famine.

The south road had been blocked up for nearly a month, when a partial thaw almost caused a public rejoicing. Coaches began to rnn, letters to be dispatched and delivered, and weather bound travelers to have some bope of reaching

their destination. Among the first ladies who undertook the journey from the west of Scotland to London at this time, was a certain Miss Stirling, who had, for weeks past, desired to reach the metropolis. Her friends assured her that it was a fooldifficulties from doing what she thought enough."

was right. So, she kept to her purpose, and ear- ling, gaily. ly in February took her sent in the mail

ney was performed pretty easily, though there till now."

the first. The wind blew keenly, and Stirling, heartily. So the matter was penetrated every erevice of the coach; settled, and orders were given to prethe partial thaw had but slightly affected the wild moorland they had to cross; guestthick heavy clouds were gathering round the red rayless sun; and when on reach- sie, dancing, and ghost stories made the ing a little road-side inn the snow began | hours fly fast. It was long past tento fall fast, both the guard and coach- the usual bour for retiring at Bellfieldman arged their solitary passenger to when Miss Stirling under her hostens'

remain there for the night, instead of tempting the discomforts and perhaps the perils of the next stage. Miss Stirling besitated for a moment, but the litthe ion looked by no means a pleasant. place to be snowed up in, so she resisted their entreaties, and, gathering her fore more clearly around her, she nestled herself into a corner of the couch. Thus, for a time, she lost all consciousness of outward things in sleep. A sudden laren anoke her, and she soon learned that they had stuck fast in a snow-drift, and that no effort of the tired horses could extricate the couch

from its appleasant predicament. The

guard, mounting one of the leaders, set

off in search of assistance, while the

coachman comforted Miss Stirling by telling her as nearly as they could calculate they were only a mile or two from "the squire's," and that if the She had already crossed the threshold guard could find the way to the squire's, to go, when she turned back to saythe squire was sure to come to their rescue with his sleigh. It was not the first time that the squire had got the mailbags out of a snow drift by that means. The coachman's expectations were fulfilled. Within an bour, the distant tinckling of the sleigh-bells was heard, and lights were seen gleaming afac; they rapidly advanced nearer and nearer; and soon a hearty voice was heard hailing them. A party of men with lanterns and shovels came to their assistance; a strong arm lifted Miss Stirling from the coach and supported her

and almost before she knew where she was, she found herself in a large hall ed to rise in reasonable time. brilliantly lighted by a blazing wood fire. Numbers of rosy, glowing, childish faces were gathering round her, Good night." numbers of bright, eager eyes were gazing curiously upon her, kindly hands · Good night. were busied in removing her wraps, and

'Ay, ay, Mary,' said her host, addressing his wife. 'I told you the sleigh would have plenty of work this winter, and you see I was right.' 'As you always are, uncle,' a merry voice exclaimed. 'We all say at Hawtree that Uncle Atherton never can be

wrong. Atherton! Hawtree! repeated Miss Stirling in some amazement, 'and uttered in that familiar voice? Ellen, Ellen Middleton, is it possible that you are here?

trembling steps to a sleigh close at hand;

pleasant voices welcomed her and con-

gratulated her on her escape.

A joyful exclamation and a rush into her arms were the young girl's reply to this question, as she cried-

* Uncle Atherion, Aunt Mary, don't you know your old friend, Miss Stir-

Mrs. Atherton fixed her soft blue eyes on the stranger,in whom she could at first scarcely recognise the brighthaired girl whom she had not seen for eighteen or twenty years; but, by and by, she satisfied herself that, though glish winters in the days of the Georges. | changed, she was Ellen Stirling still, when the snow lay on the ground for with the same sunny smile and the same weeks, when railways were unknown, laughing eyes that had made every one and the electric telegraph had not been love her in their school days. Heartdreamed of save by the speculative felt, indeed, were the greetings which followed, and cordial the welcome Mrs. Atherton gave her old friend as she congratulated herself on having dear Ellen under her own roof, more especially as she owed this good fortune to Mr. Ath-

· It is the merest chance, too that he is at home at present,' she said; ' he ought to have been in Scotland, but the state of the roads in this bleak country

has kept him prisoner here for weeks. And others as well,' Ellen Middleton added; 'but both children and grown people are only too thankful to have so good an excuse for staying longer at Bellfield.' And then, laughing, she asked Aunt Mary how she meant to dispose of Miss Stirling for the night, for the house was full already as it could hold.

Ob Sauld her aunt: two shall manage very well. Bellfield is very clas-

She smild as she spoke; but it struck Miss Stirling that the question was, nevertheless, a puzzling one, so she took the first opportunity of entreating her to take no trouble on her account; a chair by the fire was really all the accommodation she cared for, as she wished to be in readings; to pursue her journey as soon as the coach could pro-

We shall be able to do better for hardy attempt, and told her of travelers | you than that, Eilen, Mrs. Atherton who had been twice-usy three times- answered cheerfully. 'I cannot, it is snowed up on their way to town; but true, promise you a state-room, for evetheir advice and warnings were of no ry bed in the house is full, and I know avail; Miss Stirling's business was ur- you will not allow any one to be moved gent, it concerned others more than her- for your convenience; but I have one self, and she was not one to be deterred | chamber still at your service, which, exby personal discomfort or by physical cept in one respect, is comfortable

"Haunted, of course?" said Miss Stir-

"Oh, no, no, it is not that? I had it for London, being the only passenger fitted up for my brother William, when who was booked for the whole journey. he used to be here more frequently than The three had continued for some of late, and it is often occupied by gendays; the reads, though heavy, were themen when the house is full; but, as open; and with the aid of extra horses it is detached from the house, I have, here and there, the first half of the jour- of course, never asked any lady to sleep +Oh t if that be all, I am noite willing

The second day was more trying than to become its first lady tenant, said Miss. pare the pavilion for the unexpected The evening passed pleasantly; mu-

chamber. It was really a pleasant, heaved more than once, accompanied cheerful little apartment. The crimson by a strange gurgling sound as if of a langings of the bed and window looked greature in pain. Leaning on her alwarm and comfortable in the fire-light; bow, she latened with that intensity of and when the candles on the mantel- fear which desires almost as much ax it piece were lighted, and the two easy dreads a recorrence of the sound that chairs drawn close to the hearth, the cauxed it. It came again-followed by long-parted friends found it impossible a lond rustling noise, as if some heavy to resist the temptation of sitting down body were dragged from under the bed to have, what is old days they used to in the direction of the fire. What could cell a "two-handed chat." There was it be? She longed to call out for help, much to tell of what had befallen both, but her tongue clave to the roof of her of cheekered scenes of joy and sorrow, deeply interesting to those two whose youth had been passed together; there were mutual recollections of school-days. night like the hard tick of a clock. to be talked over; mutual friends and The unseen thing dragged itself along future plans to be discussed; and midnight rung out from the stable clock be- it slung itself down with violence. As fore Mrs. Atherton said good night .--

'I forgot to tell you. Ellen, that the and that the key only turns outside .do, have the door locked outside, and let the servant bring the key in the morning? William used to say be found

Miss Stirling laughingly allowed that though generally, she could not quite think it an advantage to be locked into that the snoring was not like that of a her room, still she had no objection to it dog. After a little time, she raised on this particular occasion, as she wish-

fasten the bar at all, and I will send my maid with the key, at eight precisely.

They parted; the door was locked ontside; the key taken out; and Miss Stirling, standing by the window, watched her friend cross the narrow black path, which had been swept clear of house to the pavilion. A ruddy light streamed from the hall door as it opencheerful, friendly aspect to the scene; but, when the door closed and shut out that warm and comfortable light, the darkened porch, the pale moonlight shimmering on the shrouded trees, and the stars twinkling in the frosty sky, had such an aspect of solitude as to east over her a kind of chill that made her half repent having consented to quit the house at all, and let herself be locked up

in this lonely place. could happen to her from within the chamber; the door was safely locked outside, and strong iron stanchions Testament.

her long, dark silken tresses-in gered towards the bed. For one me which, despite her five-and-thirty years, not a silver thread was visible - and as thoughts straved back to the memories sound of the clock striking two was the first thing that recalled ber to her pres-By this time the candles were burned down almost to the socket, and the fire was dying fast. As she turned to fling a fresh log into the grate, her in its reflection she saw, or at least funcled she saw, the bed-curtains move

She stood for a moment gazing at the mirror, expecting a repetition of trived to slip noiselessly. the movement; but all was still, and fears to overcome her. Still, it was an exertion, even of her brave spirit, to approach the bed and withdraw the curtains. She was rewarded by finding nothing save the bedelothes neatly folded down, as if inviting her to press the snow-white sheets, and a luxurious pile of pillows that looked most tempting .tle-piece and stepped into bed.

She was very tired-her eyes nebed with weariness-but sleep seemed to her that if she could but reach the winfly from her. Old recollections throng- dow, she might, from that position, posed on her memory; thoughts connected sibly attract the attention of some passwith the business she had still to get or-by, and he released from her terrible through haunted her; and difficulties | durance. that had not occurred till now rose up before her. She was restless and fever ich, and the vexation of feeling so made her more wakeful. Perhaps if she a friendly ray of moonlight guided her were to close the curtains between her safely towards the window. As she put and the tire she might be better able to her hand towards the curtains, her heart sleep-the flickering light disturbed her. gave a fresh bound of terror, for it and the moonleans stealing between the wirelow-curtains east ghostly shadows on the walls. So, she excefully short out the light on that side, and her fur clock in that spot, and it was a turned again to sleep. Whether she merry to come upon it now, when she had or had not quite last consciousness | was chilled to the bone. She wrapped she could not well remember, but she is around her and reached the window was thoroughly aroused by feeling the without farther adventure, or any alarm hed heave under her. She started up, from the occupant of the bed, whose and awaited with a heating heart a heavy, regular breathing gave assurrepetition of the movement, but it did note that he was now sound asleep not come. It must have been a return This was some comfort, and she greatly of the nervous fancies which had twice assailed her already that night. Laying her head once more on the pillow. she determined to control her ground-

less terrors.

guidance, took possession of her out-door there could be no doubt; the bed had mouth, and the pulses in her temples throbbed until she felt as if their pain ful beating sounded in the silence of the

until it reached the hearth-rug, where it did so, she beard the clank of a chain. Her breath came less painfully as she heard it, for it occurred to her that the creature might be nothing werse than inside har of this door is not very secure | the house dog, who, having broken his chain, had sought shelter beneath the Are you inclined to trust to the bar bed in the warm room. Even this noalong, or will you, as William used to tion was disagreeable enough, but it was nothing to the vague terror which had hitherto oppressed her. She persuaded herself that if she lay quiet, no it rather an advantage to do so, as the barm would happen to ber, and the unlocking of the door was sure to awake | night would soon pass over. Thus reasoning, she laid herself down ngain.

By-and-by the creature began to snore, and it struck her feverish fancy herself gently and with a trembling hand drew back the curtain an inch or Very well; then you had better not | two and peered out, thinking certainty was better than such terrible suspense. She looked toward the fireplace, and there sure enough, the hugh creature lay-a brown bairy mass, but of what shape it was impossible to divine, so fitful was the light, and so strangely was it coiled up on the hearth rug .-By-and-by it began to stretch itself out, to open tis eyes, which shone in the snow to make a dry passage from the flickering mys of the fire, and to raise

its paws above its hairy head. Good God! those are not paws: ed to admit its mistress, and gave a They are human hands !-- and daugling from the wrists hang fragments of broken chains!

A chill of horror froze Ellen Stirling's veins as a flash of the expiring fire showed her this clearly-far too clearly -and the conviction seized upon her mind that she was shut up with an esenped convict.

An inward invocation to heaven for aid rose from her beart, as, with the whole force of her intellect, she en-Yet what had she to fear? No harm deavored to survey the danger of her position, and to think of the most personsive words she could use to the man into whose power she had so strangely guarded the window; there could be no fallen. For the present, however, she possible danger. So, drawing her chair | must be still, very still; she must make once more to the fire, and stirring it in- no movement to be ray herself, and perto a brighter blaze, she took up a little haps he might overlook her present Bible which lay on the dressing table, until daylight came, and with it possible and read same portions of the New help. The night most be far spent;

she must wait and hope. When she had laid down the book. She had not to wait long. The crea she took out the comb that fastened up ture moved again-stood upright-stagment-one dreadful moment-she saw his face, his pale, pinched features, his she arranged them for the night, her flushing eyes, his black, bristling hair; but, thank God 1 he did not see her. of the past, which her meeting with She shrunk behind the curtains. He Mary Atherton had revived. The advanced to the bed, slowly, hesitatingly and the clanking sounds of the broken chains fell menacingly on her ear. He laid his hand upon the curtains, and, for a few moments, fumbled to find the opening. These moments were all in all to Ellen Stirling. Despair sharpeneyes fell upon the dressing glass, and ed her senses; the found that the other side of the bed was not so close against the wall but that she could pass between Into the narrow space between she con-

She had hardly accomplished the difshe blamed herself for allowing nervous | ficult feat, and sheltered herself behind the curtains, when the creature fluor itself on the bed, and, drawing the bedelothes round him, uttered a sound more like the neighing of a horse than the laugh of a human being.

For some little time Miss Stirling stood in her narrow hiding-place, trembling with cold and terror, fearful she could not resist the mute invitation | least some unguarded movement should to rest for wearied limbs. Allowing betray her, and bring down on her a herself on time for further doubts or fate she dured not contemplate. She fears, she placed the candle on the man- lifted up her heart in prayer for courage; and when her composure had in some degree returned, it occurred to

Very cautiously, she attempted the perilons experiment; her have feet moved noiselessly, across the floor, and came in notitust with something soft and warm. At length, however, she remembered that she had flung down dow was anything but inspiriting. The ing earth; the moon will showed her pallid stange; not a night or sound presage well for philosphic Una, who pays her | and the unefearly habits, and the fe-Again the started up? This time | ed daws; and after long listening in value | taxes under protest, since she had no | air, and the hot stove have done their

for any sign of life in the outer world voice in laying them on ; but the im she heard the stable clock strike four. Only four!

She felt as if it were impossible to with their find, no little rivalries and survive even another hour of terror such as she had just passed through.

Was there no hope?-None. She tried to support berself against the window-frame, but her first touch ances, which we fear, are not wholly cannel it to shake and creak in a man- unknown to our English beauties, she ner that accound to her startlingly loud; she fancied that the creature moved she asks, "is the dict of New England uneasily on its bed at the sound. Drops generally? Hat biscuit, far pork and of agony fell from her brow, as minute ten! these are the stuples. They are after minute were heavily on. Ever varied with preserves, made pound for and anon's rustle of the bed-clothes, or pound, and onliess variaties of ealer; a slight clank of the manacled lands, and the inevitable ple. Pastry, which sent a renewed chill to her heart. The clock struck five.

ly a man's whistle was heard in the the everyday food of young and old. court, and the driver of the mail-coach. Salt pork is cheap-that is, greasy fullantern in band, crossed the yard tow- someness makes it pall somer on the ards the pavillion. Would to God she appetite than any other meat, and so it could call to him, or in anyway attract forms the piece de veristance at almost his attention! but she dared not make all tables, except those who have within the slightest sound. He looked up at bail of a butcher, and whose owners the window, against which he almost are well to do in the world. Tea is brushed in passing, and the light be the grand paracea for all farigue, low held flashed on Miss Stirling's cronch- spirits, dampness, coldness, pain in the ing figure. He paused, looking again, and seemed about to speak, when she hastily made signs that he should be the quantity taken by middle aged and silent, but seek assistance at the house. elderly women almost surpasses belief. He gave her a glance of intelligence, Certainly, to put the average at aix or and bastened away.

How long his absence seemd! Could enough. be have understood her? The occupant of the bed was growing every instant more and more restless; he was rising from the bed -he was groping setting down, before she goes forth conround the room. They would come too late, too late!

But no ! steps in the courtyard—the key turns the lock-the door opensthen, with a yell that rung in Ella Stirling's ear until her dying day, the creature rushed to her hiding-place, dushed the slight window-frame to pieces, and, finding himself baulked of his purposed escape by the strength of the iron bars ontside, turned, like a wild beast, on his pursurers. She was the first on whom his glances fell. He clasped her throat-his face was close to her's-his glittering eyes were glaring at her frenzy-when a blow from behind felled him.

ing-room, and to hear that no one was hart but the poor maniac, and that he was again in the charge of his keepers. from whom he had escaped a few hours "A few hours! a lifetime, Mary!

herself safe in Mrs. Atherton's dress-

But Heaven be thanked, it is past like a wild dream!" It was not all passed. One enduring effect remained, ever after to imprint on Ellen Stirling's memory, and on the memories of all who knew her the event of that long night. Such had been her suffering, auxiety, and terror. turned as white as snow.

PEMALE BEAUTY IN OLD ENGLAND

It is generally allowed that there is more of what is called chiseled beauty in America than in Europethat features of the women are finer, and the head more classical. But here ends the triumph of our sisters of the West; their busts are far inferior to those we admire at home, and a certain attenuation in the whole figure gives the idea of fragility and decay.

And this is correct. What they want is soundness of constitution; and in consequence of the want, their finely cut faces, taken generally, are pale instead of feir, and sallow when they should be rosy. In this country, a woman is in the prime of her attractions at thirty-five, and she frequently remains almost stationary till fifty, or else declines gradually and gracefully, like a beautiful day multing into a lovely evening. In America, twenty-five is the farewell line of beauty in woman. beyond which comes decay; at thirtyfive, she looks weary and worn, her flat chest symbolising the collapsed heart within; at forty you see her thin and linggard features all the marks of premature age. It is enstomary to regard this as an

effect of climate; but some think it whole system of artificial life in America offers direct defiance, as they assert, to the known hygienic laws --This view is enpported with great intrepidity by a woman's journal in Provdence, colled the Una-not a Lady's Magazine, fair reader, but a regular broad sheet, writen by and for women. Up to this point, Use makes out awhose leading articles are on women's case specially against her countrywo rights, and whose advertisements are men; and, if the argument ended he from women-doctors, women-professors, we should have to bring in Natiswomen-lecturers, women everything - guilty of what is laid to the charge : Una admits the fleeting character of the American women. But now, a her country-women's churmon and con- the very for end of the discourse tracts more especially Oid England comes the whole gist of the matter, as with New England, yielding frankly we see why it is that English worm the paim for beauty to the former. She are superior in freshness of looks and di hints, we must own, at some very pro- ration of beauty, not only to their franblematical causes of the early loss of milantic sisters, but to the somen female charges in America such as, most of the countries in Europe. *A the bounding of life's horizon by the day long in winter, says Lies, 45petty cares that wait on ment, drink, stove-heat burne listo the brain, a and raiment; the absence of genial withers the checks, and palsies the meand improving intercourse, and of ear- eles, and enfeebles the step; asnest interest in the hopes and fortunes though summer somes with its outsite. of the race ; and the little rivalries and | air and its fruit and flowers, the I in little aspirations on which, for lack of | It is asked to remove are too much t better objects, so many a soul is fain it and the years civile round, the wear to waste its energies." All this is very | soul-consuming years, and the had di-

plied notion, that our pretty countrywomen have no perty cares connected little aspirations, but plenty of current interest in the destinics of the raceis very complimentary. After flowishing a little, however, about, thron grievproceeds to the main point. "What." most chidren in Elighard are unt allowed to touch until they get their Still all without was offent. Sublen. long tracks or tailed coats on, is here head and in the back, and, in short, for nearly all the ills that flesh is beir to ; eight cups a day would be setting it law

What mere human beauty could stand these horrors ! Fancy Miss An geline, dressed for her first ball, and quering and to conquer, to keep up the stamina with just a little smark of fat pork gooseberry-jam, and pumpkin-pix! Is it any wonder, that this young lady should wither at twenty-fixe? Yet fat pork has its advocates. Colibet was delighted with the fondries of the Americans for "extreme unction," and on his return to this country, did everything in his power to force the greasy dish upon the English palate, affirm ing that a dislike to fat pock was a decided symptom of insanity. We may allude, likewise, to the important part played by hogs lard in the composition of cosmetics. The thousand and one kinds of paste and pomatom for the She awoke from a long swoon to find skin and hair are all of this substance, only differing a little in color and perfume; and in nineteen cases not of twenty, bog's hard is bear's grown Why should a substance improve beau ty when absorbed by the skin, and ilestroy it when taken into the stomach? This is a question we leave to be set-

thed between Una and the chemists. Another cause of the unhappy condirion of female beauty in America is stated by the out-spoken Con to bedirtiness of the fair sex. This is dreadful. Not one woman in ten, she asserts, permits cold water to touch her whole person every day, and not one that in those few hours her hair had in five performs the same ablation once a week; 'while, if the truth at once be flashed forth from its hiding phase, it would show still longer intervals, from the bare thought of which immerication shrinks." We do not know what is the case in this respect as regards the majority of our own country women a war to say the truth, we are afenid to use

The wrath of Uses falls next upon

the sleping neconsolation. Three quarters of Eew England, she tells us sleep in slightly enlarged coffine; and in our opinion, a enpiral plan it is, for if the forth quarter were stowed with the rest, the people might as well be in their graves at once. These coffins are called bedrooms, for no other reason than that they are large enough to hold a bed, a light stand, and a washstand; and, they are often rendered redolent of sweetness by thickets of conts, pantaloons, dresses, and petticoats hung on the wall.' This is so faithful a sketch of the bedrooms of the middle class Londoners, that one might fancy Unit to be speaking by mistake, on the wrong side of the quetion, till we hear that the depa describeare "purified by the performes of the adjoining kitchen, and the dead, dry heat of its red-hot stove. Here you ms, and the baby," with now and then a brace of small fry in a trundie hed see the and swelter through the winter night, and fit themselves admirfolly to go to an ultimate cause, when allly for facing the nor-wester in the morning. Here, when one of the family sick, he is pretty sure to die; he cause a fever almost inevitable takes a typhoid form from the fetal atmospher around, and the struggling currents of health are sent stagnating back to the burdened heart and lungs,"